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Communications.

'Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,
'Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind.'

For the Merrimack Magazine.

JUSTICE AND GENEROSITY:

OR, *THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF* SIR WILBRAHAM WENTWORTH.

CONCLUDED.

JUST as Colonel Mortimer had given this reply, Miſs Daſhwood entered the room and begging Mr. Harrington would favor her with a ſhort audience, ſhe proceeded in the following manner. "I have juſt been informed by Miſs Mortimer, Sir, that you honor me with a very favorable opinion, and I will neither doubt your veracity nor my own little merit ſo far as to imagine ſuch a circumſtance utterly impoſſible.—But, Sir, I ſhould be utterly unworthy the attachment you profeſs for me, if I was to delude you with the ſhadow of a hope, where I do not mean to give the leaſt encouragement—I am therefore under the neceſſity of declaring that I never can be yours. Your perſon and manners are unexceptionable Mr. Harrington, and there is not a gentleman of my acquaintance who poſſeſſes a higher place in my eſteem: yet, ſir, notwithſtanding this acknowledgment, I muſt beg leave to decline your addreſſes—and to convince, I muſt, I will now candidly own what I never before confeſſed,—that any heart I poſſeſs is already engaged—engaged Sir, romantically, nay ridiculouſly, to a man I never ſaw, nor poſſibly ever ſhall—but it is unalterably fixed—I have a right to indulge my peculiarity—and after this information I am ſure you will have too much pride, as well as too much humanity, to diſtreſs me with any ſolicitation."

The moment Miſs Daſhwood ended, ſhe quitted the room in very viſible confuſion, and Mr. Harrington ſat in a ſtate of inconceivable ſurprize, ſtaring wildly at Col. Mortimer, who ſeemed himſelf to labour under no inconſiderable degree of aſtoniſhment. Mr. Harrington with a deep ſigh at laſt recovered himſelf, and promiſed to ſuſtain his fate with as much fortitude as poſſible, wiſhing that a continual round of felicity might be the lady's portion, though he could expect nothing but endleſs wretchedneſs for his own.

In a little time after this, Colonel Mortimer and his family returned to England, leaving poor Harrington to brood in ſecret over the anguiſh of his own reflections. Harrington's parting with theſe deſerving people was a conſiderable aggravation to his diſtreſs; though refuſed as a lover by Miſs Daſhwood, he ſtill viſited at the Colonel's with his uſual aſſiduity, and was received with an encreaſed regard, on account of the implicit ſubmiſſion which he paid to that lady's injunctions.—This in ſome meaſure ſoothed the bitterneſs of his diſappointment, he found a melancholy kind of pleaſure in looking at, or converſing with, the object of his affections, and flattered himſelf that time would reſtore his former tranquility;—but the moment he loſt this conſolation, he became a victim to the moſt poignant deſpair, and probably had fallen a ſacrifice to his paſſion, if the death of his father, which happened about this time, had not driven the tide of ſorrow into another channel, and opened a ſcene of buſineſs that helped, in ſome meaſure, to reſcue him from the gloom of his own imagination.

It was now ſo long ſince the unfortunate affair in which Mr. Harrington wounded his antagoniſt, that he was under no apprehenſion of ſetting out to England on the firſt intelligence, eſpecially as the gentleman had perfectly recovered—he therefore departed with the utmoſt expedition—and when his father's funeral was ſolemnized, every debt diſcharged, and his mother, of whom he was extremely fond, ſettled to his wiſh, the firſt object which recurred to his memory, was the ſum of which his grandfather had been ſaid to defraud the poor Mrs. Ormſby. On a minute examination into the affair he found the charge againſt his anceſtor was but too juſt, and he determined immediately to reſtore what could not honeſtly belong to him. His fortune was extremely ample, not leſs than eight thouſand pounds a year, with a prodigious ſum of ready money, conſequently there could be no neceſſity for procraſtinating the payment, accordingly, ordering his ſteward to get bills ready to the amount of twenty thouſand pounds, he deſired him to carry them with a letter which he had written to Captain Ormſby. "Captain Ormſby is dead, Sir," anſwered the ſteward, "and ſo is Mrs. Ormſby."—"Good God," replied Sir Wilbraham, "how unfortunate—but they had a daughter." "She was taken by ſome of her father's relations, Sir," returned the ſteward, "and left as we are told, in very good circumſtances by the will of a grand aunt, who during the Captain's life, would not give a ſhilling to relieve his neceſſities."—"Well, Mr. Willis," rejoined Sir Wilbraham, "I will write a letter to the young lady—you can eaſily find her out I ſuppoſe."—"Yes Sir, I believe I can," ſaid Mr. Willis, on which Sir Wilbraham immediately ſat down and diſmiſſed him with the following epiſtle:

MADAM,

It is with infinite concern I recollect that your good mother, by ſome unaccountable means, was greatly injured by my family, and I bluſh to think that reparation has been delayed ſo long—give me leave therefore, for the ſum which was Miſs Milmour's right, to beg your acceptance of the twenty thouſand pounds encloſed in this letter, and to conſider the extraordinary ten as a legal debt due for the intereſt of the original demand, and the expence ſhe was at in her unfortunate endeavor to recover it—do not heſitate a moment, madam, to receive your own, and be aſſured that the knowledge of your happineſs will always give the greateſt ſatisfaction to your moſt obedient, humble ſervant, WILBRAHAM WENTWORTH.

The ſteward carried this letter in conformity to orders, and returned in a little time producing a receipt for the money, and informing his matter that the lady would do herſelf the pleaſure of waiting on him immediately. In about an hour ſhe arrived accordingly attended by a gentleman, and was ſhewn into Sir Wilbraham, who exclaimed, "Miſs Daſhwood! Colonel Mortimer! pray how long have you been in town?" Miſs Daſhwood and the Colonel replied by aſking him how long he

had been in England, and expreſſing their great ſatisfaction at finding him ſo well. After congratulations had mutually paſſed, Colonel Mortimer began by aſking where Sir Wilbraham was, ſaying that his couſin was come to thank him for a moſt extraordinary act of generoſity, and expreſſing a little ſurprize that they did not find him in that room.—Sir Wilbraham to this replied, "My dear Colonel you muſt now know Sir Wilbraham Wentworth is your old Harrington, and I ſhould be happy—

The Baronet would have proceeded, but he was interrupted by a violent ſhriek from Miſs Daſhwood—who pronounced, "You Sir Wilbraham!" and fell lifeleſs on the floor. If the ſurprize of the Colonel and Sir Wilbraham was great at this circumſtance, their aſtoniſhment was ſtill greater when on recovering Miſs Daſhwood, ſhe went on to this purport:

"If you are Sir Wilbraham Wentworth the hand of heaven is certainly working miracles,—when I thought you really Mr. Harrington, I told you my affections were unalterably fixed upon a man I had never ſeen—but at that moment they were fixed upon the ſon of Sir Charles Wentworth—after my poor father was obliged to part with his commiſſion, and after he with his little family, diſcarded by all their relations, were plunged into the deepeſt diſtreſs, (we did not then know Colonel Mortimer was our relation) I have a thouſand times heard my unhappy parents laviſh in the praiſe of your humanity; I have a thouſand times heard them declare that had it not been for the aſſiſtance you procured for them, they muſt have abſolutely periſhed for want of bread.—I loved my parents tenderly, Sir Wilbraham, and my heart greedily imbibed early ſentiments of gratitude for their preſerver. As I grew up I found this gratitude imperceptibly ripening into tenderneſs, and the character which we continually received of you was ſo amiable, that I determined never to alter my ſituation, unleſs I could obtain Mr. Wentworth for my huſband.—Silly, idle, and chimerical as my reſolutions may ſeem, my reſolution was unalterable, and I do not bluſh to acknowledge myſelf the ſtrenuous admirer of virtue.—On the death of my father and mother, which happened while you were abroad, Mrs. Daſhwood, who was aunt to the former, took me under her protection, though ſhe never would take any notice of me before; and I had the good fortune to be ſuch a favorite with her, that at her deceaſe ſhe left me a large fortune on condition that I adopted her name—the name I accordingly aſſumed, the fortune I ſtill poſſeſs, and if Sir Wilbraham Wentworth is actuated by the ſentiments which were once acknowledged by Mr. Harrington, my perſon and my eſtate are at his ſervice, whenenever he thinks proper to demand them. I have not been two days in town, and I ſigned the receipt for the twenty thouſand pounds in my own name becauſe I purpoſed immediately to wait upon Sir Wilbraham, to thank him for his unparalleled generoſity and to acquaint him with the happy revolution in my circumſtances."

Miſs Daſhwood having ended, Sir Wilbraham immediately accounted for his aſſuming the name of Harrington, which clearly explained this comedy of errors; the two principal actors were in a little time after united, and live in the moſt perfect happineſs that humanity can know, proving bevond a doubt, that however virtue may ſuffer for a time, even in this world, it is generally ſure of being rewarded.

For the Merrimack Magazine.

Sentimental Gleaner, No. 8.

"I have ſtray'd
"Wild as the mountain bee, and cull'd a ſweet
"From every flower that beautified my way."

THRICE happy is the man, who is ever more anxious to deſerve than to obtain applauſe; who deſires popularity only that the circle of his benevolence may be farther extended; and who, whatever may be the ſentiments entertained of him by an ignorant, a vicious, or a cenſorious multitude, can always meet the approbation of his own heart; a treaſure of infinitely more value, than all the glittering tinſel honours, which this vain world can give or take away.

GOOD-NATURE is a virtue that inſpires us with the trueſt notions of tenderneſs and compaſſion; but unleſs it is tempered by cool ſenſe and deliberate reflection, it drives us into an extreme of folly and weak compliance, which ends at laſt in loſs of reputation, fortune, and friends; on the other hand, where good-nature is guided by judgment, it is a godlike attribute which puts us a degree beyond the common herd of mortals, and makes us worthy of the peculiar care and providence of that great ſource from whence it ſprings. To a mind naturally inclined to acts of kindneſs and humanity, nothing can be more irkſome than to be under a neceſſity of curbing thoſe generous paſſions.

THE moſt certain ſign of true content is a domeſtic and retired life, and that they who are continually reſorting to others in queſt of happineſs do not enjoy it at home. A father of a family, who amuſes himſelf at home, is rewarded for his continual attention to domeſtic concerns by the conſtant enjoyment of the moſt agreeable ſenſations of nature. He is the only one who can be properly ſaid to be maſter of his own happineſs, becauſe he is happy in deſiring nothing more than he enjoys. Tho' fortune ſpoils him of his wealth, ſhe can never rob him of thoſe affections which are attached to him;—it is thus that the minutiæ of a family become agreeable to a worthy man, who knows the value of them; it is thus, that far from conſidering theſe little duties as troubleſome, he makes them a part of his happineſs, and derives the glory and pleaſure of human nature from theſe noble and affecting offices.

For the Merrimack Magazine.

FRAILTY OF TEMPORAL ENJOYMENTS.

"Lean not earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at beſt, but oft a ſpear;
On its ſharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires."

THIS world is not our reſt—Surely every day convinces us of this ſolemn truth. We are only pilgrims here below. Our life is but a journey, and we are travellers: Our way is filled with dangers, trials, and temptations; yet how heedleſs we march along, and how much are we attached to this wearifome world: here is no real happineſs, no ſolid enjoyment; all is vain and viſionary; we are ſurrounded with a thouſand gilded phantoms, and are earneſt in purſuit of them, but they ever elude our graſp; or, if we ever reach them, they vaniſh in our arms;—therefore let us forſake them—let us ariſe and depart, for this is not our reſt. In this vale of tears, we have many heart-rending trials to ſtruggle with; our dear friends are taken from us; thoſe dear friends that twined around our hearts, that were woven in with the threads of our exiſtence, and become part of ourſelves, theſe are torn from us; thoſe who ſoftened and alleviated our cares, who rendered our journey through life's rugged wilderneſs more pleaſant, whoſe kindneſs and attention was balm to our wounded hearts, and gave our enjoyments a double reliſh, yet theſe muſt be torn from us.—O Death! thou cruel ſpoiler of human happineſs, often thy ſhafts have flown, and often has my peace been wounded; thou haſt ſucceeded now, and broke a ſtring that bound me him and ſtrong to earth; thou haſt taken away one that was after my own heart; thou haſt often cauſed my heart to bleed, but never more than now:

"I lov'd her much; but now I love her more:
Like birds, whoſe beauties languiſh, half conceal'd,
'Till, mounted on the wing, their gloſſy plumes
Expanded ſhine with azure, green, and gold;
So bleſſings brighten as they take their flight!"

But let us look beyond the grave; death cannot reach us there. Let us bid adieu to this fleeting world, and ſeek for happineſs in thoſe bliſsful regions, where theſe afflictions can never reach us more; where all tears ſhall be wiped from our eyes, and ſorrow and ſighing ſhall flee away.

In earthly friendſhips, that are founded on virtue, we taſte a few drops of that pure

delight which we ſhall hereafter enjoy in full abundance. We faintly anticipate enjoyments here, which we ſhall then realize, without fear of diſappointment;—there virtuous friendſhips begun on earth will bloom forever. Our attachments here in this vale of tears, ſo weak and faint, will then be complete, ſtrong, and never to end. Our friendſhips here on earth are mixed with corroding cares—diſappointments and ſorrows are woven in with our higheſt earthly enjoyments,—but in thoſe bliſsful climes above, happineſs reigns with unbounded ſway,—friendſhip, pure and unalloyed, undiſturbed by loſſes or ſorrow, blooms in full perfection, and flouriſhes forever! E.

Diverſity.

LUCILLA.

THE tear of the morning hangs on the thorn, and impearls the roſe. In the day of my joy, my cheek was likened to the bluſhing beauty of that charming flower; and, though it has long ſince loſt its crimſon, it ſtill retains a partial ſimilitude; for the tear is on it. But, alas! no cheering ſun exhales my ſorrow; and the cryſtal, which ſtole forth in the morning from my eye-lids, holds its place at the midnight hour.—And is love, ſaid I, the canker-worm that has preyed on thy beauty? Does that torturing paſſion make thee ſhed the ceaſeleſs tear?—No, replied Lucilla, Love gave me all its choiceſt bleſſings. During five years, I rioted in them; and this world was a heaven to me. William, it is true, is no more: but he died in the field of honour—he is recorded with thoſe heroes who fought and fell for their country. I bathed his wounds—his laſt words bleſſed me—and his expiring ſigh was breathed forth in my boſom. I wept the briny tears of honeſt ſorrow—but I had my conſolation—my William loved none but me: and he ſtill lived in the bleſſed image which he left me of himſelf. It was my duty, and ſoon became my ſole delight, to point out to the darling boy the path which his ſire had trodden, and to inſtil into his expanding mind an emulation of parental virtue. His young breaſt felt a glowing flame; and he was wont to weep, when I led him to the grave which glory had dug for his father. But he, too, is taken from me—he ſleeps beneath this turf which I adorn with flowers: Here my fancy feeds my ſorrow; and this ſacred ſhrine of affection I ſhall daily viſit, till weary nature conducts me to my Huſband and my Child.

TO HOMELY FEMALES.

IT is frequently ſaid, there goes a fine woman, and we ſcarcely ſee any thing but her face.—There are among thoſe reputed homely, beauties, that do not ſtrike the ſight; therefore, we ſhould not blame an attachment. The moſt beautiful women are not thoſe only who inſpire the ſtrongeſt ſenſations. On barely ſeeing a woman, who can diſcover all the attractions ſhe poſſeſſes in a *tete-a-tete*? Can any one gueſs at the graces, the art, the reliſh of her careſſes? What animated beauties dart even from thoſe eyes which ſeem cold or abſent! Nay, the very ſmile which enflames one heart will glance lightly over another. This difference of taſte is the cauſe that all women find admirers, and that ſhe who ſeems the moſt unfortunate has no reaſon often to envy her who has the greateſt train of lovers, whoſe homage is not always confirmed in the ſhade of myſtery.

It is there the deceit of art often diſappears; it is there it often happens, that the haughty beauty has no longer the ſame perfections, while the rival ſhe diſdained, accumulates triumphs due to graces which are ſtrangers to the proud and vain.

If love, as Ninon de l'Enclos uſed to ſay, is a piece where the *interludes* are the longeſt, what can be more enchanting than to find in a paſſion, which ſometimes tends to humble man, that charming graceful reaſon which enlightens, inſtructs, and metamorphoſes the pleaſures of voluptuouſneſs into ſuch pure enjoyments as belong to the mind.

THE VALUE OF A JEW'S EYE.

IT is very common for people when ſpeaking of any thing valuable, to ſay, *'tis worth a Jew's eye*—a ſaying that few can define the origin or meaning of. The intrinſic value of an Iſraelite's eye ſeems to have been ſettled a ſhort time ago by a Bench of Juſtices in London, when a complaint was lodged by Moſes Iſaac, againſt an Iriſh chairman, for knocking out one of his (the complainant's) eyes. It appeared that honeſt Mr. Moſes (to uſe a ſwindling phraſe) had taken in the poor Iriſhman by obliging him with a very good *vatch* at little more than treble the value. This rouſed the indignation of the Hibernian (when told of the impoſition) inſomuch that he ſwore "by his ſhoul when he met with the briſtle-faced jentleman again, but he'd give him a pop of his peeper." A day or two after, cunning little Iſaac was unfortunate enough to accoſt his friend with "vill you buy a niſhe ſheal for your vatch?" "Yes, my honey," ſays Teague, "but I'll pay for the vatch firſt," and without further ceremony beat out one of Moſes' eyes. The Juſtices being informed of the particulars, fined the Iriſhman five ſhillings, and diſmiſſed the complainant. The Hibernian on paying the fine, told the bench he thought Moſes' eye ſo cheap, that he would give five ſhillings more to knock out the other.

A WAGER WON.

IN a diſpute between two officers on board a veſſel whoſe crew were Iriſh and Engliſh ſailors, one of them contended, that the Engliſh could not anſwer a common queſtion with half that adroitneſs which was natural to the Iriſh. A bet being propoſed, it was agreed to try the point immediately; and an Engliſh ſeaman was aſked, what he would take to go up aloft blindfolded in a hard gale. "I would take a month's pay," ſaid the fellow. "And what would you take Pat," ſaid one of the officers to an Iriſhman. "By my ſowl," ſaid he, "I would take FAST HOLD."

From a London Paper.

IT is reported, that an affair has lately taken place in high life, of ſo ſingular a nature, that if it ever come before the public, it will puzzle the ſages of Weſtminſter Hall, as much as the caſuiſts of Doctors' Commons to decide upon it. Some years ago, a perſon of high rank obtained a divorce of his wife, after having previouſly recovered damages againſt the adulterer who had ſeduced her. The adulterer and the lady were married immediately after, and lived together until very lately, when ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be again ſeduced! The new ſeducer is HER FORMER HUSBAND.

☞ALPHONSO's favour, which came too late for inſertion in this number of the Magazine, ſhall have a place next week. He is requeſted to accept our thanks for his frequent liberal contributions to the columns of this paper. A continuance of favours is ſolicited while this work ſhall have a name and a place among periodical publications—The ſame we would ſolicit of other correſpondents.

"Each moment has its fickle, emulous
Of time's enormous ſcythe, whoſe ample ſweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays
His little fickle in the narrower ſphere
Of ſweet domeſtic comfort, and cuts down
The faireſt bloom of ſub unary bliſs."

Died,

In Exeter, on Monday laſt, Miſs BETSY DEAN, Æt. 24; daughter of Mr. Ward Clark Dean, merchant, of that place.

In this town, on Thurſday morning, Mrs. SALLY DOLE, wife of Mr. Jonathan D. aged 50.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
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THE WRECKED SEA-BOY.

He ſilent ſtands, and marks each riſing wave,
That rudely daſhes on the level ſtrand;
And weeps to view the ſhatter'd bark they lave,
That bore him hither from his native land.

Or wet and ſhiv'ring on the rocky height,
Some flattering cloud deceives his eager eye;
But e'en th' *illuſion* is obſcur'd by night,
Fades with the glimmer in the weſtern ſky.

Now drown'd his cry; he walks upon the ſhore,
Till faint and weary on the ſand reclin'd,
He ſits him down, to liſt the ſurges roar,
That roll tumultuous on the troubled mind.

Chill blows the air, now only fancy ſees,
And the dew mingles with the wretches tears;
Shrill whiſtles thro' the ruin'd hulk, the breeze,
While in the parting clouds the moon appears.

To her pale luſtre lifts his ſparkling eye,
The ſcene conveys a ſorrowful delight;
For there, he thinks perhaps, and heaves a ſigh,
His wearied ſpirit ſoon may take its flight.

Ah! why did man e'er truſt the fickle wave,
Preſumptuous o'er the trackleſs ocean roam,
Sure ev'ry bleſſing, nature meant, ſhe gave,
Enough for life is ſurely found at home.

Thoſe rays that ſhine upon his dew-wet cheeks,
May mildly beam on her acroſs the main,
Who walks the cliff, with fond expectance ſeeks,
In ev'ry whit'ning ſail, his bark again.

Far, far away, the ſea-boy yields his breath,
Unſeen, unheard upon the cheerleſs iſle,
No friend to ſoothe the agonies of death,
Or give the conſolation of a ſmile.

No ſtranger viſits there the wave-worn beach,
There e'en the ſavage foot neglects to ſtray;
No ſounds ſalute him, ſave the Oſpray's ſcreech,
In wild contention hovering o'er their prey.

SONG.

HER fame ſound the trumpet & cry—to the war;
Let glory re-echo the ſtrain;
The full tide of honour, may flow from the ſcar,
And heroes may ſmile on their pain.

The treaſures of autumn let Bacchus diſplay,
And ſtagger about with his bowl;
On ſcience, let ſol beam the luſtre of day,
And wiſdom give light to the ſoul.

Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,
Each virtue, each joy to improve;
Oh! give me the friend that I know to be true,
And the fair, that I tenderly love.

What's glory but pride? a vain bubble is fame,
And riot the pleaſure of wine.
What's riches but trouble? and title's a name;
But friendſhip and love are divine.

THE FATHER:

Or, AMERICAN SHANDYISM.

A COMEDY—IN FIVE ACTS.

ACT IV.

IN CONTINUATION.

Enter Racket *and* Ranter.

Ran. I SHOULD not think of requeſting your aſſiſtance, but this curſed diſappointment of my trunks not arriving; I will draw upon my banker in London, if you pleaſe—or I will give you my note, and pay you on the arrival of my trunks—

Rack. Why, to tell you the truth, I have not the money—I am preſſed myſelf—faith, I have been a fool—

Ran. What, down in the mouth? hang it, rouze man, ſell off ſome of your goods at vendue, I will give you good intereſt for the money—you have only a craſh at laſt—

Rack. What, Sir! (*Walks from him.*) A ſtrange propoſal from a mere bottle companion. Sir, it is not in my power to aſſiſt you, I am ſorry for it—if you pleaſe we'll drop the ſubject.

(*They croſs the ſtage.*)

Ran. Damn the fellow, he don't bleed ſo freely as I thought he would.

Rack. What was the cauſe of the laſt confuſion between you and Col. Duncan?

Ran. Oh! nothing—I only happened to mention the death of one Haller—who, it ſeems, was known to Miſs Felton and the Colonel; did you know him?

Rack. No, I did not.

Ran. He was a good-natured fellow enough, but ſhallow, very ignorant, and between you and I, a curſed coward—

Hall. Well ſaid. (*aſide.*)

Ran. I loved the fellow, though, with all his faults—poor Harry Haller! we were room mates at Halifax, I have ſaved him more than once from kicking; I once made him ſend a challenge—ha, ha, ha! Haller was ſo frightened, that he could not write it; I wrote it for him, and put a little lawyer, to whom it was addreſſed, in ſuch a panic, that he publicly begged Haller's pardon—never ſaw two poor devils in ſuch a fright in my life, ha, ha, ha! but I believe it coſt Haller his life—

Rack. How ſo?

Ran. Why, preſuming upon the fright of the little fribbling lawyer, he challenged an officer, and had his brains blown out—hey day! who have we here? One would think your houſe an hoſpital—come, get up, old gentleman.—Have you loſt the uſe of your limbs? I will lend you mine to help you. (*Puſhes him.*)

Hall. (*riſing collars him.*) I cannot ſee you, but the man who inſults poverty and age, muſt have an appearance contemptible as his ſoul is mean. Deſpicable wretch, you are beneath the reſentment of a ſoldier. (*Throws Ranter from him, who retires frightened.*)

Ran. Why—why—why—here's a ſturdy beggar—an impudent raſcal—

Rack. Pray, who are you, and how came you in my houſe?

Hall. The maſter of the houſe I will anſwer, Sir; I am a poor unfortunate ſoldier—

Ran. So, now we are to have a canting tale of an hour's length—

Hall. No, I ſhall not trouble you, I was ſent for, or I would not have entered the houſe; there is one at the door that guides me, if I could find my way to him—

Ran. Send for a conſtable.

Rack. No, I will lead him to his guide; come, old man. [*Exit, leading Haller.*

Ranter *alone.*

Curſe on my coward heart; if a worm but turns againſt me, I have not power to oppoſe; and yet I expoſe myſelf to continual dangers: when a boy, I was bold with the boldeſt; but ever ſince I robbed my father, and fled to this country, my guilty deeds make me ſtart at each threatening ſhadow—and here comes two I muſt avoid. (*Going meets Racket, and returns.*)

Rack. I think I did wrong too, to ſend him off without further examination—an odd fellow!

Enter Col. Duncan *and* *Miſs* Felton.

Miſs F. Where is he? This meſſenger of joy?

Col. Where is the ſoldier?

Ran. There is no ſoldier here but your humble ſervant—

Col. You!—ay, Sir, I have a ſettlement to make with you—but firſt, the ſoldier—Mr. Racket, do you know any thing of him?

Rack. Sir, I found a beggar here, I did not know that you protected him—

Col. Where is he?

Rack. I ſent him hence, Sir, but I will immediately ſend and have him brought back. [*Exit.*

Col. Sir, you ſaid Capt. Haller was dead—you ſaw him die—

Ran. I did, Sir.

Col. Villain!

Ran. Sir—Sir—

Miſs F. Oh! for pity's ſake, Sir—

Col. Villain! he lives to confound you face to face, I hope—you have robbed him—thank heaven, you have not murdered him—

Ran. (*aſide*) Whence is this?

Col. Guilt confounds you, pale-faced ruffian—I have ſeen one who knows him to be alive and well.

Ran. When was he ſo?

Col. Lately—very lately—I ſuppoſe—I do not know the time—I did not aſk.

Ran. And I am to be abuſed becauſe he was well—months, perhaps, ago? There has no veſſel arrived ſince I came; the perſon from whom you received your intelligence has probably travelled from Boſton by land; when he left the place Haller might have been alive, and dead before I departed. Is this uſage for Capt. Haller's friend—for ſhame, Sir, age ſhould have been more circumſpect, [*Exit.*

Col. I am confounded.

Miſs F. Oh, Sir, this is too much. (*Weeps.*)

Col. Oh, my child, how cruelly are we tortured.

Enter Racket.

Rack. I have been myſelf, but to no purpoſe.

Col. Lead her to her room: lean on your brother, my child; compoſe yourſelf, my Caroline; fly from your grief, and try to find repoſe.

Miſs F. Repoſe for me! the heart that's void of comfort, racked with ſuſpenſe, and torn like mine by anguiſh, can only find it in the peaceful grave. [*Exit with* Racket.

Col. Duncan *alone.*

In what a maze of error and perplexity am I involved—a few ſhort hours has robbed me of my quiet. Cartridge!

Enter Cartridge.

Car. Your honour.

Col. Search for that blind ſoldier, and bring him here to me: No, ſtay, ſend ſome one elſe on that errand, and do you have an eye on Mr. Ranter; I fear he is a villain, Cartridge: If he makes any preparations to leave town, acquaint me. (*Cartridge bows, and exit.*) Oh time, thou friend of the unfortunate, how are thy goodly offices rendered of no avail! Long reſigned, I murmured not that my ſon was cut off in the dawning of manhood, and thought him reſcued from a life of woe. Oh that I had never been undeceived! [*Exit.*

(End of 4th Act.)

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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